THE

WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24. 1779.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

NOTES *of a* SERMON *preached a few Miles from* Edinburgh, *on the late* FAST DAY, *February* 9. 1779.

Eccl. ix. 11. *The race is not to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong.*

The Preacher's method was,

1*ſt*, TO ſhew how the doctrine of the interpoſition of Providence to defeat the power of ſecond cauſes, applied to the hiſtory of nations, and in particular to our own ſtate at preſent.

2*dly*, To point out thoſe ſins that may have provoked the great Ruler of the world to diſappoint or counteract the power of ſecond cauſes, that ſeemed to be on our ſide.

On this ſecond head he mentioned ſeveral kinds of ſins that might have thus provoked the Almighty. The laſt he mentioned was the abuſe of our religious privileges. On this point he delivered himſelf to the following purpoſe:

Were we, my brethren, to review the hiſtory of our church, we ſhould find abundant reaſon to bleſs the interpoſing hand of heaven on many important occaſions. From the firſt dawn of the reformation, we had, in this part of the united kingdom, the moſt violent ſtruggles to maintain againſt the civil powers, for neither the virtues nor vices of our princes were intereſted in our behalf. And even after our ſovereigns were of the reformed church, they had ſuch an averſion to our particular mode of worſhip and government, that we had to endure the fire of perſecution through the greater part of laſt century: *And yet we were not conſumed.* When it pleaſed God in his mercy and wiſdom to ſend us a great deliverer at the revolution, to free us from ſlavery, arbitrary power, and the fears of Popery, he, at the ſame time, did not forget his ſuffering church, but directed that wiſe prince to yield to the wiſhes of a zealous and faithful people, and to eſtabliſh Preſbyterian government and worſhip in this part of the kingdom. From that happy period we date our religious, as well as our civil freedom; for then toleration firſt introduced true religious liberty. The animoſity of different ſects againſt each other gradually abated, and every man had leave to worſhip God after the dictates of his own conſcience. The eſtabliſhed churches, indeed, in the two different parts of the iſland, were more

favoured than others, as profeſſing the religion of the magiſtrates of each; but the penal laws againſt all Proteſtant diſſenters were ſuſpended, and Papiſts alone of all Chriſtian ſects were exempted from the mild effects of toleration.

But here you muſt obſerve, that the penal laws againſt Papiſts, which were indeed ſevere, were not directed againſt them as a religious ſect, but as a dangerous faction. Their diſtinguiſhing doctrines were, no doubt, abſurd and unreaſonable, and their worſhip idolatrous or childiſh to the laſt degree; but theſe could have been endured by the gentle ſpirit of toleration, as they neither oppugned the doctrine of the Trinity, nor taught that there were more gods than one. The reaſon of the peculiar ſeverity to them was, becauſe they held principles ſubverſive of civil government, and acknowledged the Pope, a foreign power, as ſuperior to the ſovereignty of the kingdom; and becauſe of the cruelty of their penal laws, and their perſecuting ſpirit wherever they had power.

With this exception, and that of thoſe whoſe opinions ſtrike at the foundations of all moral obligation, we have enjoyed our religion, the greateſt of all bleſſings, under the moſt ample toleration. But, alas! my brethren, have we not abuſed this precious gift of God, either by too great neglect of it, or by endleſs and fanatical diviſions? As there is now no outward reſtraint, ſome have taken advantage of that, and ſo live as if they did not acknowledge the obligations of religion; whilſt the greater number, ſubſtituting their own humour and caprice inſtead of reaſon and conſcience, have ſeparated from thoſe ſocieties of Chriſtians, to which they were originally joined, without examination, or without juſt cauſe. And what is worſe ſtill than even groundleſs diviſions, though we glory in the name of Chriſtians and Proteſtants, I am afraid there are many who have departed far, far indeed, from the mild ſpirit, and tolerating principles, which belong to the name of Chriſtian and Proteſtant.

The time has been that we could boaſt of our church in terms ſuch as theſe: That though the Church of Scotland may, in former times, have been often ſeized with a ſpirit of violence againſt other denominations of Chriſtians, which, if ſhe had been ſingular in that reſpect, would have juſtly rendered her an object of averſion; yet, for near a century paſt, ſince the minds of men have become calm and ſteady, under a legal government, and ſince the ardent zeal of enthuſiaſm has given place to, or been tempered by the benign principle of Chriſtian charity, as reſtored to its primitive ſpirit by the influence of an unlimited toleration, the Church of Scotland had ſhewn, that in liberal and generous ſentiments to thoſe who differ from her, and in mild conduct to ſectaries of every denomination, ſhe had been outdone by no church in the world. This I could have ſaid with all the triumph of truth not many days ago. But, alas! my brethren, when we look back to the tranſactions of laſt week in our capital city, we muſt bluſh and be aſhamed, and lament thoſe atrocious deeds that will diſgrace the Preſbyterian name for many years to come. Why did our forefathers ſeparate from the church of Rome? One great reaſon was, becauſe ſhe propagated her faith by fire and ſword, and treated all who differed from her with unrelenting cruelty. Have we imbibed the ſpirit of Popery, while we profeſs to abhor its tenets? There is nothing ſo unchriſtian, ſo deteſtable in the whole ſyſtem of Rome, as that fanatical rage, with which ſhe would extirpate all whom ſhe calls heretics, while ſhe maintains, *that in this ſhe does God good ſervice.* It is not the name of *Popery* we abhor, nor thoſe called *Papiſts.* They are men like ourſelves, and as ſuch are entitled to a portion of our love; they profeſs to believe in Chriſt, and thereby have a title to more. It is their principles, it is their bloody practices that we deteſt; it is their departure from Chriſtian rules; it is their breach of Chriſtian charity. And ſhall we copy what we abhor? ſhall we imbibe from them that bloody ſpirit which we deteſt? ſhall we hate whom we ought to pity? ſhall we deſtroy whom we ſhould reclaim? Is this the ſpirit of the goſpel? Is this the temper of the bleſſed Jeſus? Did our meek and merciful Saviour command the Samaritan temple on Mount Gerizzim to be deſtroyed, becauſe idolatrous worſhip was performed there? No, my brethren, on the contrary, he rebuked his diſciples when they beſought him to bring down fire from heaven to conſume ſome Samaritans who had offended them, becauſe they ſadly miſtook the mild and manifeſt ſpirit of his religion, Luke ix. 55, 56.

How then can we account for this perverſion of Chriſtianity? for this departure

from the principles of toleration? for this ſudden ſally of intemperate zeal amidſt ſuch mild and enlightened times? I have ſometimes been led to think that the emiſſaries of that very church which we ſo juſtly oppoſe, may have been at the bottom of it, that in the outrage and violence of the people of Scotland, they might have ſome apology for their own perſecuting fury; or rather that they might ſow the ſeeds of diſcontent and ſedition in this country, long ſo happy in peace and unanimity. For you will obſerve, that it is of much more conſequence to them, in the preſent juncture, to undermine our confidence in government, and divide us amongſt ourſelves, than to take off all the legal reſtraints from people ſo very inſignificant as thoſe of their perſuaſion in this part of Britain. Whatever may be in this, I am confident, that when the cauſe of the late perſecuting zeal (papiſtical, I may call it, though directed againſt Papiſts) ſhall be fully diſcovered, the enemies of our government will be found deeply engaged in it; and that the ſame kind of evil inſtruments, and dark incendiaries, that have been employed in other parts of the kingdom, have alſo been ſet to work here, by the agents of America, and thoſe deſperate men who wiſh for a diſſolution of all government. When the apparent cauſe is ſo diſproportioned to the effects, there muſt be ſome latent cauſe that remains undiſcovered.

The ground of your alarm is now happily removed. His Majeſty's miniſters, informed of the fears and wiſhes of this country, have laid aſide the bill for the repeal of ſome of the penal ſtatutes againſt Papiſts, and I much applaud their wiſdom. For, however harmleſs their intentions may have been, it was of much more importance to calm the minds of his Majeſty's loyal Proteſtant ſubjects in Scotland, than to afford a trifling relief, if any at all, to ten or twelve thouſand Papiſts, nine-tenths of whom inhabit the remote highlands; to whoſe ſituation, if I am rightly informed, it is chiefly owing, that theſe poor people remain under the delufions of Popery; for their diſtance in ſmall ſequeſtered iſles and deep vallies prevents their having acceſs to miniſters; and the zeal to preſerve them in the wrong faith being ſtronger than that to convert them to the right, their ſenſe of religion itſelf makes them continue a prey to the active emiſſaries of the church of Rome.

Was there but half the zeal ſhewn for their converſion that has been diſplayed againſt their relief; was but half as much beſtowed in love as has been waſted in anger, by the bleſſing of God they might be won to the Proteſtant church. Pious and charitable, a Proteſtant and a Chriſtian would he truly prove himſelf to be, who could perſuade the donors to apply the money that has been collected (which will now be uſeleſs) to ſuch an excellent purpoſe; and of which, otherwiſe, they may receive but a faithleſs account. May he who rules in the hearts of men ſway and guide them to what is beſt!

But tho' the object of your jealouſies and fears is removed, and there is now no occaſion to deliver any opinion about it,—yet, conſidering what has happened, and what conſequences may poſſibly follow (for I ſuſpect there is a train laid, a part of which has but yet blown up), I cannot now keep ſilence, for it would be criminal in me, and a failure of duty to you, but muſt take this opportunity of warning you againſt the dreadful effects of falſe zeal, and the pernicious deſigns of thoſe who have an intereſt in kindling it.

I ſaid I would not deliver my opinion.—Alas! that I ſhould have lived to ſee the day, that in a Proteſtant country, Proteſtant miniſters of the goſpel ſhould be in danger of the ſpoiling of their goods, the burning of their houſes, and even of loſing their lives, merely for delivering their opinions in a Proteſtant ſynod;—opinions too that had no other tendency or deſign but to allay the fears of the people, and which concentered all in a declaration of the ſynod, from which there was not one diſſenting voice. How could this happen in a free and Proteſtant country? O! beware, beware, my friends, of that falſe zeal which darkens the underſtanding and hardens the heart,—which extinguiſhes the light of reaſon, and bereaves us of the bowels of Chriſtian charity!

Do not imagine from this that I am afraid to deliver my opinion in this congregation, where I have preſided for ſo many years, though with much weakneſs and many defects, yet with a ſincere deſire to promote both your temporal and ſpiritual intereſts. Having a good conſcience with reſpect to the Proteſtant cauſe, and having the fear of God before

my eyes, I am not much troubled with other fears. My fears are not for myſelf, my brethren; they are for you, leaſt you ſhould *be led into the error of the wicked*, and be impelled by the inhuman and perſecuting ſpirit of Popery, even while you are oppoſing Popery. My fears are for you, leaſt, in the phrenzy of your zeal, you ſhould depart from the principles of your religion, and loſe ſight of the example of your Lord. My fears are for you, leaſt in an evil hour, ſeized with the contagion of the times, and *following the multitude*, you ſhould do ſuch deeds as would load your conſciences for ever, and bring ruin on yourſelves and your families.

I believe, my brethren, there are none hearing me who do not diſclaim the late criminal conduct of an unruly rabble, which, but for the good temper and moderation of thoſe who bore the ſword, might have iſſued in much bloodſhed, and drawn after it a train of dreadful conſequences. But are you entirely innocent of what you diſclaim? Can you ſet fire to combuſtibles and expect that they will not take flame? Yes, my brethren, we are guilty in ſome reſpects,—both you who joined in the general cry, and we who kept ſilence; we who are bound to oppoſe, even unto the danger of our lives, the madneſs of the people. I ſaid that the moderation of the magiſtrate was much to be approved of. Thus it appears now. But if this was only the beginning of miſchief, if the actors ſhall proceed in their dark deſigns, the ſpirit of violence, taking encouragement from impunity, will become more difficult to ſubdue. The magiſtrate cannot always *bear the ſword in vain:* And reparation muſt be made to the affronted majeſty of the laws. The wiſe and moderate people of this country muſt take part with them; and, in contentions of that kind, it is eaſy to ſee who muſt be worſted at laſt.

But were there no danger from the magiſtrate, nor from the laws of the land, which you will find, in ſpite of the ignorant who miſlead you, certain in their puniſhment of ſuch horrid deeds, tho' ſlow, ought you not to be afraid of retaliation? The power of the Pope has been long ſinking into contempt; the ſpirit of Popery has been gradually growing milder; the ſociety of Jeſuits is aboliſhed in every Catholic country. Not above two years ago the court of Vienna, one of the moſt bigotted courts in Chriſtendom, granted a toleration to the Proteſtants in Hungary; and great are the bleſſings that have accrued from it. With what anguiſh and remorſe would it then fill you, if by the barbarous zeal of the people of this country, provocation, or pretence ſhould be given for again oppreſſing our fellow-Proteſtants in that or in other parts of the world? From as ſmall ſparks the mightieſt fires have been kindled. The maſſacre of Paris, the foulеſt ſtain to the annals of Catholic kingdoms, was ſaid to be in retaliation for the death of one man. There is nothing ſo blind, ſo cruel and unjuſt as fanatical zeal!

Were your religion and liberties really in danger, who would not extol the zeal of the people? If things were come to that extremity, I ſhould glory in attending you to the field. The moment this panic fear, which has ſpread with ſuch rapidity, ſubſides, you will perceive the deluſion with which you have been impoſed on, and be convinced that your religion is not in danger.

Our religion, bleſſed be God! is as ſafe as any human power can poſſibly make it. Its foundation is in the temper of the people, and in the laws and conſtitution of the kingdom. The ſame laws that ſecure the crown of Britain on the head of a Proteſtant king, for ever exclude a Popiſh pretender. The whole government muſt be unhinged before Popery can be encouraged. For what was all the contention and ſtruggle of laſt century, but to baniſh that dangerous religion, the handmaid of arbitrary power, and the certain foe of freedom? all our rights that were ſecured to us at the revolution, and confirmed at the union, all are founded on the total overthrow of that pernicious ſuperſtition: So that the very fabric of our conſtitution muſt fall to the ground, or you muſt ſuppoſe an univerſal madneſs to have ſeized all ranks of men, before you can believe that they would conſent to give up all thoſe rights, which make them the happieſt people upon earth, and yield again to the cruel domination of the church of Rome. What would become of the great families whoſe eſtates conſiſt in lands, that belonged to that all-devouring hierarchy? what would become of the eſtabliſhed churches in the two kingdoms, was the ſupremacy of Rome once more to be reſtored? So that were neither King, Lords nor Commons, nor the eccleſiaſtics of any denomination,

to be bound by faith or a good conſcience, or a ſenſe of duty (which is a hard ſuppoſition), yet their own intereſt, their deſire of power and importance in the ſtate, muſt, unleſs they are really deprived of reaſon, prevent their yielding to the introduction of Popery.

If men had given themſelves but time to think for a moment, they muſt have ſeen how improbable the grounds of their fears were taken in every view. The very utmoſt I ever underſtood to have been intended was, that a repeal of ſome of the penal laws againſt Papiſts, ſimilar to that made in England laſt year, was to have been extended to Scotland. Now, without enquiring into the amount of this repeal, one might have been certain that it was not fraught with much danger, becauſe it had paſſed through parliament with the approbation of all parties, and with unanimous voice. The people of England too, more jealous of their liberties than any people upon earth, and who have twenty times the number of Papiſts to be afraid of that we have, received it without a ſingle complaint. I do not mention this by way of ſtating a compariſon. There may be circumſtances in our laws that make it improper to alter them, without a view of greater good on the one hand, and leſs evil on the other, than appears in this caſe. But I mention it as containing the ſtrongeſt preſumptions for believing, that there could not be ſo much danger in a repeal as was apprehended; and therefore that your exceſſive fears and jealouſies on this ſubject were ill-founded.

This much I have ſaid, my brethren, not to calm your minds on this affair, becauſe it is certain the bill is dropt, and I truſt will never be revived again. But I have ſaid ſo much to baniſh from your minds any unjuſt ſuſpicion you may have entertained of thoſe in power, as if they had any deſign to hurt you in your moſt precious intereſt, your religion. I am perſuaded myſelf, that having ſeen the relief granted to Papiſts in England was attended with no popular diſcontent, but with general approbation, they little imagined that it would be diſagreeable in Scotland. And that far leſs than popular tumult, and the univerſal cry againſt it, would have made them deſiſt from a purpoſe that had nothing for its object but to reduce our penal laws to the ſame ſtandard with thoſe of South Britain.

Let me pray you then, my brethren, to diſappoint the wiſhes and deſigns of evil and malignant men, who may have intended to undermine your affections for our good and gracious king, who being himſelf the greateſt bulwark of the Proteſtant intereſt, could never entertain the thought of giving dangerous encouragement to Popery; or to raiſe in you a jealouſy of the legiſlature, and the other branches of government, to prepare your minds gradually for the completion of their dark and ſecret machinations, who wiſh to overturn our happy conſtitution in church and ſtate. May the promiſe of our Lord extend to both, *That the gates of hell ſhall never prevail againſt them.*

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW *of* AMERICAN AFFAIRS *for the Years* 1776 *and* 1777. [P. 175.]

THE baggage of the army, with ſuch artillery, ſtores, and proviſions, as the neceſſity of the time would permit, were embarked, with a ſtrong detachment, on board above two hundred batteaux, and diſpatched, under convoy of five armed gallies, up the South River, in their way to Skeneſborough. The main army took its route by the way of Caſtletown, to reach the ſame place by land.

The firſt light of the morning [July 6.] had no ſooner diſcovered the flight of the enemy, than their main body was eagerly purſued by Brigadier-general Frazer, at the head of his brigade, conſiſting of the light troops, grenadiers, and ſome other corps. Major general Reideſel was alſo ordered to join in the purſuit by land, with the greater part of the Brunſwick troops, either to ſupport the Brigadier, or to act ſeparately, as occaſion might require, or circumſtances direct. The enemy left a prodigious artillery behind them, which, with thoſe taken or deſtroyed in the armed veſſels at Skeneſborough, amounted to no leſs than 128 pieces, of all ſorts, ſerviceable and unſerviceable. They alſo left ſome military ſtores of different ſorts, and no inconſiderable ſtock of proviſions.

General Burgoyne conducted the purſuit by water in perſon. That bridge and thoſe works which the Americans had laboured hard for ten months to render impenetrable, were cut through in leſs time by the Britiſh ſeamen and artificers, than it would have coſt them to have deſcribed their ſtructure. In a

word, they did their buſineſs with ſuch ſpeed and effect, that not only the gun-boats, but the Royal George and Inflexible frigates had paſſed through the bridge by nine o'clock in the morning. Several regiments embarked on board the veſſels, and the purſuit up the river was ſupported with ſuch vigour, that, by three o'clock in the afternoon, the foremoſt brigade of the gun-boats was cloſely engaged with the enemy's gallies near Skeneſborough Falls. In the mean time three regiments, which had been landed at South Bay, aſcended and paſſed a mountain with great expedition, in order to attack the enemy's works at the Falls, and thereby cut off their retreat. But their ſpeedy flight prevented the execution of that deſign. Upon the approach of the frigates, the gallies, which were already overborne by the gun-boats, loſt all ſpirit; two of them were accordingly taken, and three blown up. The rebels now giving way to their deſpair, ſet fire to their works, ſtockaded fort, mills, and batteaux, after which they eſcaped as well as they could up the Wood Creek. This ſtroke ſeemed to complete the ruin of their ill-fated army; for the batteaux were deeply loaded, beſides their baggage, with ammunition, ſtores, and proviſions; ſo that they were now left naked in the woods, deſtitute of proviſions, and without any other mean of defence than what they derived from the arms in their hands.

Confuſion and diſmay equally attended their main body on the left. The ſoldiers had loſt all reſpect for, and confidence in their commanders. It would be fruitleſs to expect reſolution where no order nor command could be maintained.

Brigadier Frazer continued and ſupported the chace through the vehement heat of a burning day with his uſual activity and vigour. Having received intelligence that the enemy's rear were at no great diſtance, and were commanded by Colonel Francis, one of their beſt and braveſt officers, his troops lay that night on their arms. He came up with the enemy [July 7.] at five in the morning, whom he found ſtrongly poſted, with great advantage of ground, and a ſtill greater ſuperiority in point of number. As he expected every moment to be joined by General Reideſel, and was apprehenſive that the enemy might eſcape if he delayed, he did not heſitate to begin the attack. The advantages which they poſſeſſed in ground and number, and, perhaps, more than both, the goodneſs of their commander, induced them to make a better ſtand than might have been expected from their condition in other reſpects.

As Frazer's corps was not ſupported near ſo ſoon as had been expected, the engagement was long; and though the light infantry and grenadiers gave ſeveral ſtriking proofs of their ſuperiority, affairs were ſtill undecided and critical. The arrival of the Germans was at length deciſive. The enemy fled on all ſides, leaving their brave commander, with many other officers, and above two hundred private men, dead on the field. About the ſame number, beſides a colonel, ſeven captains, and ten ſubalterns, were taken priſoners. About ſix hundred were ſuppoſed to be wounded, many of whom periſhed miſerably in the woods. The principal loſs on the ſide of the royal army was that of Major Grant, a brave officer, who was killed. St Clair, with the van of the American army, was at this time at Caſtletown, about ſix miles farther on. Upon the account of this diſaſter, and of the more fatal ſtroke at Skeneſborough, and under the apprehenſion of being intercepted at Fort Anne, he ſtruck on to the woods on his left, probably uncertain whether he ſhould direct his courſe towards the New England provinces and the upper part of the Connecticut, or to Fort Edward.

During theſe advantages on the left, Colonel Hill was detached with the 9th regiment from Skeneſborough towards Fort Anne, in order to intercept the fugitives who fled along the Wood Creek, whilſt another part of the army was employed in carrying batteaux over the falls, in order to facilitate their movement to diſlodge the enemy from that poſt. In that expedition the Colonel was attacked by a body of the enemy, conſiſting, as he conceived, of ſix times the number of his detachment, who, finding all their efforts in front ineffectual to force the judicious poſition which he had taken, attempted to ſurround the regiment. This alarming attempt put him under a neceſſity of changing his ground in the heat of action. Nothing leſs than the moſt perfect diſcipline, ſupported by the cooleſt intrepidity, could have enabled the regiment to execute ſo critical a movement in the face of the enemy, and

in ſuch circumſtances. It was, however, performed with ſuch ſteadineſs and effect, that the enemy, after an attack of three hours, were ſo totally repulſed, and with ſuch loſs, that, after ſetting fire to Fort Anne, they fled with the utmoſt precipitation towards Fort Edward, upon the Hudſon's River.

The loſs of the royal army in all this ſervice, and in ſo many different engagements, ſome of which were warm, and ſeemed liable to loſs, was very ſmall; the whole in killed and wounded not much exceeding two hundred men.

Such was the rapid torrent of ſucceſs, which ſwept every thing away before the northern army in its outſet. It is not to be wondered at, if both officers and private men were highly elated with their fortune, and deemed that and their prowеſs to be irreſiſtible; if they regarded their enemy with the greateſt contempt, conſidering their own toils to be nearly at an end, Albany to be already in their hands, and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of ſome time, than an arduous taſk full of difficulty and danger.

At home the joy and exultation was extreme; not only at court, but with all thoſe who hoped or wiſhed the unqualified ſubjugation and unconditional ſubmiſſion of the colonies. The loſs in reputation was greater to the Americans, and capable of more fatal conſequences, than even that of ground, of poſts, of artillery, or of men. All the contemptuous and moſt degrading charges which had been made by their enemies, of their wanting the reſolution and abilities of men, even in the defence of whatever was dear to them, were now repeated and believed. Thoſe who ſtill regarded them as men, and who had not yet loſt all affection to them as brethren; who alſo retained hopes that a happy reconciliation upon conſtitutional principles, without ſacrificing the dignity or the juſt authority of government on the one ſide, or a dereliction of the rights of freemen on the other, was not even now impoſſible,--notwithſtanding their favourable diſpoſitions in general, could not help feeling upon this occaſion that the Americans ſunk not a little in their eſtimation. It was not difficult to diffuſe an opinion, that the war in effect was over, and that any further reſiſtance would ſerve only to render the terms of their ſubmiſſion the worſe. Such were ſome of the immediate effects of the loſs of thoſe grand keys of North America, Ticonderoga, and the Lakes.

General Burgoyne continued for ſome days with the army partly at Skeneſborough, and partly ſpread in the adjoining country. They were under the neceſſity of waiting for the arrival of tents, baggage, and proviſions. In the mean time no labour was ſpared in opening roads by the way of Fort Anne, for advancing againſt the enemy. Equal induſtry was uſed in clearing the Wood Creek from the obſtacles of fallen trees, ſunken ſtones, and other impediments, which had been laid in the way by the enemy, in order to open a paſſage for batteaux, for the conveyance of artillery, ſtores, proviſions, and camp equipage. Nor was leſs diligence uſed at Ticonderoga, in the carrying of gun-boats, proviſion-veſſels, and batteaux, over land to Lake George. Theſe were all laborious works, but the ſpirit of the army was at that time ſuperior to toil or danger.

General Schuyler was at Fort Edward upon the Hudſon's River, where he was endeavouring to collect the militia, and had been joined by General St Clair, with the wretched remains of his army, who had taken a round-about march of ſeven days through the woods, in which, from the exceeding badneſs of the weather, with the want of covering, proviſions, and all manner of neceſſaries, they had ſuffered the moſt extreme miſery. Many others of the fugitives had alſo arrived; but ſo totally broken down, that they were nearly as deſtitute of arms, ammunition, and all the materials of war, as they were of vigour, hope, and ſpirit, to uſe them with effect.

Although the direct diſtance from Fort Anne, where the batteaux navigation on Wood Creek determined, or even from Skeneſborough to Fort Edward, was no greater than what would be conſidered in England as a moderate ride of exerciſe, yet ſuch is the ſavage face and impracticable nature of the country, and ſuch were the artificial difficulties which the induſtry of the enemy had thrown in the way, that the progreſs of the army thither was a work of much preparation, time, and labour. It will ſcarcely be believed in after times, and may now be received with difficulty in any other part of the world, that it coſt an active and ſpirited army, without an enemy in force to impede its progreſs, not many fewer

days in paſſing from one part to another of a country, than the diſtance, in a direct line, would have meaſured miles. Yet ſuch, however extraordinary, is the fact. Beſides that the country was a wilderneſs in almoſt every part of the paſſage, the enemy had cut large timber trees in ſuch a manner, on both ſides of the road, as to fall acroſs and lengthways, with their branches interwoven; ſo that the troops had ſeveral layers of theſe frequently to remove, in places where they could not poſſibly take any other direction. The face of the country was likewiſe ſo broken with creeks and marſhes, that, in that ſhort ſpace, they had no leſs than forty bridges to conſtruct, beſides others to repair; and one of theſe was of log-work, over a moraſs of two miles in extent. All theſe toils and difficulties were encountered and overcome by the troops with their uſual ſpirit and alacrity. The enemy were too weak, too much diſpirited, and probably too much afraid of the Indians, to add very materially to thoſe difficulties. Some ſkirmiſhing and firing there was, however, on every day's march, in which, as uſual, they conſtantly came off loſers.

It is true, that General Burgoyne might have adopted another route to Hudſon's river, by which moſt of theſe particular difficulties would have been avoided. By returning down the South river to Ticonderoga, he might again have embarked the army on Lake George, and proceeded to the fort which takes its name, and lies at its head, from whence there is a waggon road to Fort Edward. To this it was objected, and probably with reaſon, that a retrograde motion in the height of victory would tend greatly to abate that panic with which the enemy were confounded and overwhelmed; that it would even cool the ardour, and check the animation of the troops, to call them off from the proſecution of their ſucceſs, to a cold and ſpiritleſs voyage: and that their expedition would undoubtedly be checked by the reſiſtance and delay which they muſt expect at Fort George; whereas when the garriſon perceived that the army was marching in a direction which was likely to cut off their retreat, they would undoubtedly conſult their ſafety in time, by abandoning the poſt.

The enemy abandoned Fort Edward, and retired to Saratoga, at the approach of the royal army, which, from the impediments we have ſeen in the march, was not until the end of July. The enthuſiaſm of the army, as well as of the general, upon their arrival on Hudſon's river, which had been ſo long the object of their hopes and wiſhes, may be better conceived than deſcribed. As the enemy, by previouſly abandoning Fort George, and burning their veſſels, had left the lake entirely open, a great embarkation of proviſions, ſtores, and neceſſaries, was already arrived at that poſt from Ticonderoga. The army was accordingly fully and immediately employed, in tranſporting theſe articles, with artillery, batteaux, and ſuch other matters as they judged neceſſary for the proſecution of their future meaſures, from Fort George to Hudſon's river.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACT *of a* LETTER *written by the late Earl of* BATH, *and addreſſed to Dr* SWIFT, *relating to the Death of Dr* ARBUTHNOT.

March 11. 1735.

—POOR Arbuthnot! who grieved to ſee the wickedneſs of mankind, and was particularly eſteemed by his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the laſt ſix months in a very bad ſtate of health, and hoping every night would be his laſt—not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with ſo much bad company †.

Obſervations on the latter Part of the above Extract.

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable in a man of Arbuthnot's turn; a man of humour, whoſe mind ſeemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not ſolely, to that which is ridiculous, even in vice itſelf. That to ſuch a man, to whoſe fancy almoſt every character and every event furniſhed a comedy, death ſhould be welcomed becauſe life was inſipid, is a melancholy and ſtriking proof, that even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful; or that thoſe who are beſt qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themſelves; that their mirth is not an effuſion of hilarity that overflows their own hearts, but often the mere effect of a

* *Dr* Arbuthnot *was a native of* Scotland.

painful effort, executed chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the ſad concomitant of vexation of ſpirit. The doctor's own account of himſelf, however, in the following extract, ſeems not perfectly to agree with what is here ſaid of him.

Extract of a Letter written by Dr Arbuthnot, *and addreſſed to Dr* Swift.

Hampſtead, Oct. 4. 1734.

—I am going out of this troubleſome world, and you, amongſt the reſt of my friends, ſhall have my beſt prayers and wiſhes.

I came out to this place, ſo reduced by a dropſy and an aſthma, that I could neither ſleep, breath, eat, or move. I moſt earneſtly deſired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride, (which I had forborn for ſome years, becauſe of bloody water), I recovered my ſtrength to a pretty conſiderable degree, ſlept, and had my ſtomach again; but I expect the return of my ſymptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumſtances to live an idle country life, and no man at my age ever recovered of ſuch a diſeaſe, further than by an abatement of the ſymptoms. What I did, I can aſſure you, was not for life, but eaſe; for I am at preſent in the caſe of a man that was almoſt in harbour, and then blown back to ſea—who has a reaſonable hope of getting to a good place, and an abſolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular diſguſt at the world, for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindneſs of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, diſpleaſeth me, and I have too true a preſentiment of calamities that are like to befal my country.

I am afraid, my dear friend, we ſhall never ſee one another in this world *.

A Character of Dr Arbuthnot, *by the late Earl of* Corke.

ALTHOUGH he was juſtly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has ſhewed himſelf equal to any of his contemporaries in humour and vivacity; and he was ſuperior to moſt men in acts of humanity and benevolence. His very ſarcaſms are the ſatirical ſtrokes of good-nature; they are like ſlaps on the face given in jeſt, the effects of which may raiſe bluſhes, but no blackneſs will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as ſober and conſiderate as a diſciple of Socrates. He is ſeldom ſerious, except in his attacks upon vice, and then his ſpirit riſes with a manly ſtrength, and a noble indignation. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life, a merit ſtill more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are ſeldom ſubmiſſive enough to confine themſelves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr Pope, written, as it were, upon his death-bed, he diſcovers ſuch a noble fortitude of mind, at the approach of his diſſolution, as could only be inſpired by a clear conſcience, and the calm retroſpect of an uninterrupted ſeries of virtue. The Dean laments the loſs of him with a pathetic ſincerity. The death of Mr Gay and the doctor, (ſays he to Mr Pope) have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I could receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and as I do from Lord Bolingbroke *.

Part of Dr Arbuthnot's *Letter to Mr* Pope, *mentioned in the foregoing Quotation.*

Hampſtead, July 17. 1734.

I LITTLE doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention †. I have nothing to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerved by my friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in legacies, beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worſe.

As for you, my good friend, I think, ſince our firſt acquaintance, there have

* Dr Arbuthnot *died in March* 1735.

* *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr* Swift. *ſmall* 8vo, *page* 164.

† *Moſt probably his mother.*

not been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions or jealouſies that often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips: I am ſure not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for thoſe talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendſhip; they were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I, at preſent offend you by enumerating them: and I ſhall make it my laſt requeſt, that you will continue that noble diſdain and abhorrence of vice, which you ſeem naturally endowed with, but ſtill with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy more to reform than to chaſtiſe, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt wiſh of my friends is euthanaſia. Living and dying, I ſhall always be

Yours, &c.

Concluſion of Mr Pope's Letter, in anſwer to the preceding.

I WOULD not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart is on this ſubject; and to convince you I am deliberately bent to perform that requeſt which you make your laſt to me; and to perform it with temper, juſtice, and reſolution. As your approbation (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in ſomething more deſerving of your approbation: But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will alſo be yours) that we muſt ſeparate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live or to die than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your death happy!

SPEECH *in the* PANTHEON.

Whether are Men moſt ſtimulated to virtuous Actions from the Hope of Reward, or the fear of Puniſhment?

Mr PRESIDENT,

THE hope of reward, or the fear of puniſhment, are the only motives which actuate the minds of men, and incite them to action. We are animated from the hope of reward to aſpire to the higheſt ſtations, and aim at the moſt exalted pitches of grandeur and affluence. It is an inſtinctive principle, inherent in our corrupt compoſition, to exert our utmoſt abilities, in order to aggrandize ourſelves; and the man who is void of this ambition is looked upon as void of ſenſe and human feeling. What man amongſt us, were a prize ſet before us to be beſtowed on the ſwift, the ſtrong, the modeſt, the wiſe, the vigorous, the witty, and in alluſion to our own inſtitution, the ingenious or eloquent: I ſay, who amongſt us but would ſtrenuouſly exert his abilities in all theſe different capacities, to gain that reward which would both augment his fortune and aggrandize his character? Here we would ſee the racer, the wreſtler, the prude, the pedant, the lawyer, and the divine, all in the field, and all aiming in their different characters at gaining the glorious prize. —Ambition and love of fame are the reigning paſſions which actuate the ſuſceptible mind; and riches or honour are the attractive objects of our ſerious purſuit.—Let us deſcend to the meaneſt peaſant, and from thence make a progreſſive aſcent to the king on his throne, we ſee every individual aim at no leſs than excellence in their ſeveral ſtations; and to tell them, during the courſe of their purſuit, that they never could explore the ſummit to which they aſpired, would be offering an affront, which I doubt not juſtice to their own feelings would incite them to reſent properly.—This love of fame, and ambition to excell, is ſo inherent throughout all ranks and degrees, that our meaneſt ſoldiers and ſailors, on their inliſting into the army or navy, do not deſpair of ſoon being captains, generals, or admirals.—Conſiſtent with my knowledge, there is a General, now inveſted with almoſt unlimited power, who left the north of Scotland in the ſtation of a private ſoldier; and his parting words to his friends, who were naturally grieved on his leaving them, are a perfect antidote againſt deſpair in any ſtation of life, however diſagreeable: "*Don't grieve for me,*" ſays he; "*I hope to be a General yet.*" How agreeably his expectations have been fulfilled, time has diſcovered.

If fortitude and perſeverance in the different lines of life are ominous of excellence, we ſee many who are poſſeſſed of theſe virtues, either conjoined or ſeparate, whoſe expectations

were ſanguine, and whoſe views were extenſive,—yet never arrive at excellence or any ſuperior ſtations, to which, no doubt, their unremitted efforts might have juſtly entitled them; and who probably, had they foreſeen that their induſtry and diligence would have terminated in leſs than excellence, would have been too much dejected and depreſſed to have provided themſelves with the common neceſſaries of life. How many do we ſee ſtimulated to vigorous exertions of their faculties, who, had they not had in view as their reward, eaſe and competence in the decline of life, would have been uſeleſs lumber in the gap of the creation, and deſpicable vagabonds, only a peſt to ſociety, and a burden on the earth. The fear of puniſhment is predominant only in illiberal, contracted, and timorous minds; but it is a paſſion too low, too grovelling, too ſordid, too deſpicable, and too humiliating to gain the leaſt footing in, or aſcendancy over the capacious mind, where only noble affections and extenſive views can reſide.—Here I would not be underſtood as taking the queſtion in a religious ſenſe; for, to our great diſcredit, the fear of eternal puniſhment is more ſtimulative to actions in their nature virtuous, than the hope of promiſed reward. Could ſinners allay that dread they imbibe from the fear of everlaſting puniſhment, they would but little mind the everlaſting reward, as it would be but meeting death without the dread of the tremenduous hereafter. From my obſervations on the conduct of mankind, I am apt to imagine, that man would willingly give up the hope of everlaſting happineſs, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual miſery.—I would only be underſtood as diſcuſſing it from a view of it as applicable to the precepts of morality, to which alone, in its preſent ſtate, I apprehend it ſhould be confined.—Then, to proceed——

Can a man be ſtimulated to virtuous actions from the fear of puniſhment? No, Sir! fear of puniſhment may incite us to action, I doubt not; but it is inconſiſtent with the ideas of virtue to imagine, that a man can be compelled to do a virtuous action.—Actions done from compulſion are in their nature baſe and ignoble, and entirely diſtinct from virtue, take it in what juſt view you pleaſe. The ſum of virtue conſiſts, *1ſt*, In your duty towards your Creator: and, *2dly*, In an inoffenſive, induſtrious, and charitable tenor of conduct through your intercourſe with your fellow-creatures, which includes all the other good qualities incident to moral virtue. We are often, through neceſſity, obliged to act, yea, even to exert our powers in doing actions which, had they been done deliberately, and without compulſion, would have been truly virtuous, commendable, and meritorious; but that very compulſion which neceſſitated us to act, invalidates all the glory of the action; whereas, when we have a reward in view which we aſpire to poſſeſs without prejudice to our fellow-creatures, we can, conſiſtent with ſtrict virtue, exert our power in order to gain it.—Hope of reward, therefore, Sir, is the only inducement men can have to virtuous actions, for this obvious reaſon, that no action done *in terrorem*, or from compulſion, can be virtuous. Did time permit, and neceſſity require, much more might be ſaid in corroboration of this argument. What inſpires the divine with that perſuaſive eloquence with which he adminiſters conſolation to his flock, but the well grounded hope of fingering the ſtipend—A ſure reward indeed! What inſpires the lawyer with that ſophiſtry he uſes, as the means of gaining his client's dubious plea, but the all-prevailing fee, and the hope of recommending him to a multiplicity of buſineſs, by the ſubtle feint, and quick evaſion. What animates the ſoldier to face the enemies in the day of battle, and collect all his fortitude and agility, in order to vanquiſh them, but the hope of their ſpoil, the approbation of his ſovereign, and the applauſe of his country? To him an ample reward!—What animates the ſailor to brave the dangers of the ſea, to meet his enemies on the watery gulph, to board their veſſel with courage and intrepidity, in a dubious uncertainty whether he ſhall ever ſeparate from them in life,—but hopes of pillaging the cabin, the approbation of his conſtituents and commanders, and the honour he acquires by it? to him an ample and ſatisfactory reward! And what animates the ardent and anxious lover to perſevere in his addreſſes to his reſerved miſtreſs, to follow her through all the bewildered maze of formal courtſhip, and to bear all the indignities and mortifications which her humour may palm upon, but the pleaſing hope of at

laſt, by his aſſiduity and vigilance, to ſubdue her obſtinacy, gain her affections, and poſſeſs the object of his earneſt regard? To him the moſt exquiſite and ineſtimable reward!

Edin. Feb. 11. LUDOVICUS.

CRITICISM *on a Latin Poem of* George Buchanan.

AMONG the ſeveral diſputes between the Scotch and Engliſh, of the excellence of each reſpective nation, I wonder the celebrated Epigram of Buchanan, in which he dedicates his Pſalms to Mary Queen of Scots, has not been produced; for I hardly ever met with a *Scotſman* who was not ready to extol it, and yet have rarely met with one that underſtood it. I may preſume, then, to ſay it is deficient in point of *clearneſs*; and it has been proved not leſs ſo in point of *elegance*.

Nympha, Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ
Miſſa per innumeros ſceptra tueris avos:
Quæ ſortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
Sexum animis, rarum nobilitate genus;
Accipe (ſed facilis) cultu donata Latino
Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.
Illa quidem, Cyrrha procul et Permeſſide lympha,
Pene ſub Arctoi ſidere nata poli:
Non tamen auſus eram male natum expoſuere fœtum,
Ne mihi diſpliceant quæ placuere tibi.
Nam quod ab ingenio domini ſperare nequibant,
Debebunt genio forſitan illa tuo.

The queſtion is, what is the ſenſe of the laſt couplet but one. The editor of this, among the *Delectus Epigrammatum* for the uſe of Eton ſchool, interprets *expoſuere*, "Non auſus eſſem in PUBLICUM EDERE fœtum non faventibus muſis." But the ſenſe is undoubtedly the very contrary. It is certain he *publiſhed* that book when he wrote the dedication to it. *Expoſuere* is the ſame as *non tollere*, and alludes to the cuſtom among the ancients of *expoſing* thoſe children to chance and fate whom they did not deſign to *bring up*. I would not, ſays the poet, expoſe to deſtruction thoſe poems which you were pleaſed to approve of. So much for the ſenſe of the epigram: and when we have got it, I own it is not worth ſearching for, except that it has given an opportunity to the ingenious pen of Biſhop Atterbury to throw new light and beauty over the whole, and to make the poverty of the northern ſoil (which the poet and the reader too ſenſibly feel) ſubſervient to the moſt delicate compliment to the beauty of his royal patroneſs. Inſtead, therefore, of the four laſt lines, ſubſtitute thoſe of the Biſhop:

Quod ſi culta parum, ſi ſint incondita; noſtri
Scilicet ingenii eſt, non ea culpa loci:
Poſſe etiam hic naſci quæ ſunt pulcherrima, ſponde:
E vultu et genio Scotica terra tuo.

SCALIGER.

INSCRIPTIONS *to the* DEITY. *By Mr* GARRICK.

MANY enquiries having been made reſpecting the religion of Mr Garrick, the following will be ſome ſtep towards an inveſtigation of that matter. It contains his ſentiments of the Deity and of a future ſtate, and I am aſſured was written and ſent by him many years ago to a friend, now highly dignified in the church, and with whom he had had frequent converſations on the ſubject:

Lord of the Univerſe!
Who from chaos called forth light,
Life, and beauty;
Matter and ſpace infinite.
Orb above orb,
beyond the reach of viſion,
floating in liquid æther—
(ſelf pendant:)
and each orb a WORLD.
The bleſt abodes of each departed ſoul,
whoſe efforts here were imitating thee.
Thy FIAT,
paſſing without exertion,
Bids thunders roll, and earthquakes do their work.

The ſun,
burſts from the ocean,
and in ſerene ſublimity aſcending,
gladdens the face of nature:
The kind mother,
ſubmiſſive to creation's arduous work,
promulgates thy exiſtence:
A leaf, a flower proves it.
Is there a wretch who doubts?
ANATOMY,
rekindling into life,
ſtarts at the infidel:
Diſcordant elements,
huſh'd into ſilence by the mighty theme,
Confeſs their GOD.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

QUERIES *relative to propriety of the* POPISH BILL.

PRIMO, May the condition of a ſtate, upon any ſuppoſed occaſion, be ſuch, as to render it proper and juſt in the legiſlature to enact laws oppreſſive to the conſciences, and injurious to the rights of men?

Secundo, May the united voice of the legiſlative body of a nation arrived at a ſtate of civilization, lawfully reſcind ſuch ſtatutes as are appropriated only to the rude and infant ſtate of that nation?

Tertio, Are the penal ſtatutes againſt Roman Catholics in Scotland, perfectly compatible with that liberty which a well-informed conſcience may innocently enjoy? and are they the fitteſt expedients for conducting and reforming a miſtaken conſcience?

Quarto, Are theſe identical ſtatutes expreſsly ſpecified in the articles of union, as part of that ſacred code which ſhould remain unaltered *in ſecula ſeculorum?*

Quinto, Does the intended reduction of theſe ſtatutes neceſſarily infer the increaſe of popery? or does experience univerſally prove, that the zealots of a party are leſs active and ſucceſsful under legal diſcouragements, than in a ſtate of perfect ſecurity and freedom?

Sexto, Will the Proteſtant clergy of Scotland find it more difficult to counteract the unconcealed approach of an abſurd ſuperſtition, than to detect and eradicate error in the garb of truth, imperceptibly diffuſing itſelf around the inviſible haunts of crafty prieſts, adorned with the faſcinating aſpect of auſtere apoſtles and devoted martyrs?

Septimo, As no man, whoſe brain is not already haunted by maſſacres and perſecutions, ſeems to entertain the ſmalleſt dread of violence from the Roman Catholics; and as, notwithſtanding the opinion of a very learned divine of the laſt age, ſome of them may yet be within the reach of Divine Grace, would it be unbecoming the character of Chriſtians, to try if a little friendly intercourſe, and cool reaſoning, might peradventure ſoften the hearts, and touch the conſciences of ſome of the unhappy wretches themſelves?

Octavo, Would not thoſe worthy gentlemen in the oppoſition, who, happily for the Britiſh conſtitution, are wiſer than their rulers, and more zealous than their teachers, ſpend their time, in the preſent inſtance, more dutifully, in laying the foundations of true unadulterated religion in the minds and affections of their children, ſervants, and neighbours?——Would not they, moreover, beſtow their money more profitably in contributing to the eſtabliſhment and ſupport of well-informed teachers in the remoter corners of Scotland, which are more liable to the encroachments of ſuperſtition and prieſtcraft?

A candid and judicious ſolution of theſe queſtions will very much aid the judgment of the public in equitably deciding this important queſtion of the Popiſh Bill.—It will, at the ſame time, contribute to determine the judgment of one who wiſhes, upon every occaſion, to think with the majority, and is ſorry, in the preſent queſtion, to differ in opinion from ſome of his good friends, whoſe judgments in other caſes he highly reſpects.

FRIGIDUS.

A GAMING ANECDOTE.

A VERY reſpectable gentleman, who had an averſion to cards, that he might not be deemed unfaſhionable in a family where he often viſited, and where public days for play were ſet apart, found himſelf under the neceſſity to play deep; but it was his good fortune generally to be ſucceſsful. After ſome years of intimacy, the maſter of the family took him aſide one day, and imparted to him the melancholy ſecret, that his affairs were in a moſt embarraſſed ſtate. The gentleman expreſſed his concern at his friend's diſtreſs, and intreated him not to deſpair. On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly depoſited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's houſe, and the next day he inſiſted on refunding the ſum this inconſiderate man and his family had loſt. It was ſufficient to give a turn to his affairs, and to ſave his friend from inſtant impriſonment; but he reſtored it only on condition that they ſhould never play at cards again.

POETRY.

The AMUSEMENTS *of* WINTER*.

'TIS long ſince wayward Spring's enver-
meil'd prime,
And ardent Summer fought a *milder* clime;
Thro' howling tempeſts o'er the wintry ſky,
See golden Autumn's vary'd foliage fly.
But bright Euphroſyne will ſoon appear,
And gild the horrors of the darken'd year;
Soon ſhall ſhe hail with bluſhin'd Dian's hora,
The light ambiguous of the tardy morn;
Beneath the youth the long-breath'd courſers bound,
Till vocal throats proclaim the tainted ground,
And ſtreams, in full career, each deep-mouth'd hound;
Then the train mount the hill with giddy pride,
And thunder down its bleak and craggy ſide,
Sweep thro' the miſty vale in long array,
And ſhout exulting o'er the treach'rous prey.
† Hygeia's eyes, where living luſtre plays,
Deck the pale orient with their chearing rays;
She can the ſhort and ſtraggling day illume,
And with her dimpled ‡ ſiſter mock the gloom.
Now fall the fearful night's incumbent ſhades,
And the ſwoln river pours along the glades;
While, as the waves their deathful eddies form,
Loud ſhrieks the lurid ſpirit of the ſtorm.
But for the *ſocial* ſhines the glowing hearth,
And all *within* the walls is love and mirth;
Pleas'd with the abſence of intruſive day,
Science and Wit their vary'd charms diſplay,
And the heart feels whate'er the poets ſing,
Bright winter-fires propitious as the ſpring:
Since moſt the youth the tender maid inſpires,
Where *her* ſole graces her pleas'd ſenſe admires,
No golden ſins, no breathing flow'rs to ſhare
The kind attention of the ſoften'd fair.
When dark December's ſnows and beating rain
Shake the firm roof, and plow the delug'd plain,
Each fond affection, in thoſe fearful hours,
Rules the kind boſom with augmented pow'rs;
Then its frail ſtate the yearning thought perceives,
And gently aſks the aid it gently gives.
In ſplendid roofs the brilliant chandelier
Pours trembling luſtres on the full-plum'd fair,
Which to their rival eyes gay ſcenes unfold,
That glitter azure, and that glitter gold.
Here fickle Fortune pours her motley * throng,
Where vary'd laws to vary'd ſtates belong;
Spadille, another Lewis, leads his train,
A mighty Monarch on the velvet plain;
Whiſt's graver laws *republic* ſchemes diſplay,
Her ſtill chang'd rulers bearing ſober ſway;
While Pam, like Pruſſian Fred'rick, dart to view,
Exulting o'er the vanquiſh'd troops of Loo.
All theſe, and *more*, with deeds of proud acclaim,
Flock to the ſtandard of the ſov'reign dame;
Not troops more num'rous Agamemnon bore
From Grecian cities to the Trojan ſhore.
Hark! the ſoft flutes and breathing hautboys ſound,
And radiant Beauty glides her graceful round;
Till briſker meaſures lightly lead along
The gay, the mutable, the bounding throng.
When graver pleaſures their purſuits engage,
Empurpled Tragedy exalts the ſtage;
'Tis then the miſtreſs of the penſive ſoul
Lifts her keen dagger and envenom'd bowl,
Prompts the inſurgent rage, the flowing tears,
The moon-ſtruck madneſs, and the guilty fears;
Till gay Thalia chace the horrors grim,
And all is mirth, and ſatire, laugh, and whim.
Now rapt Cecilia ſtrikes the golden lyre,
Wild Fury wakes, or melts to ſoft deſire;
And to her vocal tubes, and artful ſtrings,
A thouſand marſhall'd harmonies ſhe brings;
Their leader, *Melody*, they ſtill ſuſtain,
And with ſonorous grandeur arm the ſtrain,
Whilſt from the full orcheſtra loud reſounds
The changing ‖ phalanx of the mingled ſounds,
But in ſcarce heard *piano* dies away,
When graceful ‡ Harrop pours the liquid lay;
Her ſoft expreſſion, and conſummate art,
Thro' the charm'd ear ſubdues the feeling heart.
Theſe are thy Syrens, Winter; while they ſing,
In vain the wild winds whirl on dreary wing;
Divine Euphroſyne! they grace *thy* train,
And abſent *thee*, e'en *they* would ſing in vain;
But from the blue effulgence of thine eye
The fiends of wintry Nature raving fly
To howling heaths, damp fens, and murky caves,
Uprooted foreſts, and o'erwhelming waves;
As hov'ring fogs diſperſe their duſky ſteam
Before the riſing ſun's reſplendent beam,
So fly December's monſters o'er the lea,
And leave the world to Muſic, Love, and thee.

* *This Poem was compoſed for the uſe of Bath-Eaſton; but* Mr Antley's *Ode* [p. 80.] *tho' inferior in almoſt every reſpect, obtained the prize.*

† *Goddeſs of Health.* ‡ *Euphroſyne.*

* *Cards.*

‖ *By* changing phalanx, *the author means a fugue, the moſt complicated effort of muſical compoſition, where the trebles, tenors, and baſſes, ſupply the leading paſſage by turns.*

‡ *A vocal performer at Bath.*

The following VERSES *were diſtributed at the* Pantheon Maſquerade, *on Friday night the 6th current, by a Gentleman in the character of* Merlin.

From MERLIN'S CAVE.

'MIDST ſacred oaks on *Mona*'s brow,
A ſpell impends from every bough;
While mighty ſhades of *Druids* riſe,
And commerce with their kindred ſkies.
The moon, with magic-foſtering light,
Bears witneſs to the myſtic rite:
Again the hallow'd harp they ſtring,
Again wild notes of wonder ring,
And white-rob'd Bards around inſpire,
In thoughts of light, and words of fire.
When lo! from yonder rev'rend gloom
That hangs o'er many a warrior's tomb;
Where forms aerial oft reſort,
And Honour holds his midnight court;
A ſolemn ſound my ears aſſail'd,
Merlin, Merlin, thrice it hail'd!
Thrice too, in awful mandate told,
"Merlin, go! our words unfold."
The guardian Gods of Britain's iſle,
Propitious on our orgies ſmile;
Hence do we read the future page,
And riſe to rouſe a torpid age;
To ſtir, to warm, excite, inſpire,
To breathe again the Druid fire:
To pour on *Bourbon*'s pow'rs combin'd
The fury of the free-born mind;
Or bid fraternal diſcords ceaſe,
Pleas'd to bring home luxurious peace.
Thus plac'd in ſea-girt ſtate to wield
The ſword, the ſceptre, and the ſhield;
Long ſhall each envious nation ſee
No realm ſo great, while none ſo free.
Then *Envy* dumb, and *Faction* dead,
Virtue may rear her languid head.
Juſtice will rule, by *Reaſon* ſway'd,
With *Truth* in naked charms array'd.
Fair *Freedom*, in a ſoldier's form,
Unmov'd ſhall brave the midnight ſtorm.
Her *ſailors* too, in *Glory*'s car,
Shall bear St George's ſtandard far;
Where *Honour*'s hand devotes to *Fame*
The banner mark'd with KEPPEL's name.

The following STANZAS *were alſo delivered by a Lady in the character of a* Female Pedlar.

THE FEMALE PEDLAR, to you all,
Her ſervice offers; at your call,
She ſupplies variety of ware
For preſents to the favour'd fair.

For *Maidens* wiſh a lover's pledge,
My lockets, gold, I can alledge,
Of mod'rate price, of work the beſt,
Worth wearing next the faireſt breaſt.

For *Widows*, who Hibernians meet,
At park, or play, or in the ſtreet,
Tablets have, their notes to make,
Preventing danger of miſtake.

For *Wives*, with huſbands not content,
Who with to give their paſſions vent,
I maſks procure, will ſo diſguiſe,
That they'll eſcape Cornuto's eyes.

For *Virgins* come to ſixty-four,
Of beauty waſhes I have ſtore,
To take out wrinkles, give youth's face,
And gain a long-deſpair'd embrace.

I too can offer valued aid,
To the neglected love-ſick maid,
A powder, wonderful, and new,
Will make th' inconſtant rover true.

For thoſe who fly with Cupid's wings
To Hymen's altar, I have rings
Of curious workmanſhip, and neat,
As ever join'd connubial fate.

My wares, too num'rous all to ſhow,
Do at the loweſt prices go;
Their quality, I pray you, try,
All, who're for bargains, now come buy.

On a late FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THRO' weeping London's crowded ſtreets,
As *Garrick's* fun'ral paſt,
Contending wits and nobles ſtrove
Who ſhould forſake him laſt.

Not ſo the world behav'd to HIM
Who came that world to SAVE;
By ſolitary Joſeph borne
Unheaded to his grave.

If what is done by mortals here
Departed ſpirits know,
Confus'd and bluſhing *Garrick* views
This grand parade of woe.

Though much by man to be admir'd
He had;—yet, gracious Heav'n!
Much, very much he had, indeed,
By thee to be forgiv'n!

But thou art good!—and ſince compos'd
He dy'd without a groan,
We hope repentant David lives
Through David's favour'd Son.

EPITAPH *on a favourite* BIRD.

——*Similis tibi Cynthia, vel tibi cujus*
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer ocellos.
Juv. S. 6. 7.

IMPERIOUS Death, with haughty ſtroke,
Lays kings and princes low;
Nor wonder then a wretched bird
Could not evade the blow.
Yet learn, vain mortals! from my fate,
To ſnatch the fleeting hour;
Improve the time, while now 'tis lent,
Ere fled beyond your pow'r.

THE REVIEW.

MEMOIRS *of the* Marſhal DE BERWICK, *written by himſelf, with a compendious Hiſtorical Sequel from the year* 1716 *to his Death, which happened in* 1734:—*To which are prefixed, his Portrait, compoſed by the late* Lord Bolingbroke, *and a Sketch of his Hiſtorical Eulogy by the Preſident de* Monteſquieu;—*the whole terminated by Notes and Letters deſigned to ſerve as Documents of the Campaign of* 1708. [P. 190.]

THE ſecond volume of theſe Memoirs begins with the year 1708, when the Duke of Berwick was appointed to the command of the French army in Dauphiny, in the place of Marſhal de Teſſe. He was afterwards ſent into Flanders, where he had much contradiction to ſuffer from the Duke de Vendome, who had a ſtrong perſonal diſlike to him. He was ſtrangely toſſed about from place to place; for, as he remarks himſelf, in the ſpace of four months he was at the head of the French armies in Spain, on the Rhine, on the Moſelle, in Flanders, and in Dauphiny. In 1709, he was ſent with an army to the frontiers of Piedmont. He began his operations here by laying his hands on the public money, which the managers of the French revenues had been juſt collecting; and when Deſmarets, the comptroller of the finances, wrote to him a warm letter, in which he complained of a proceeding ſo irregular, the Duke anſwered, that it would have been much more *irregular* to have ſpared the king's money, and thus ſuffered the army, that was oppoſing the entrance of the king's enemies into France, to die of hunger. The plan of defence, which he formed on this occaſion, extended from Antibes to the lake of Geneva, a ſpace of ſixty leagues, through rugged Alpine hills; and which diſcovered great talents, and a very uncommon acquaintance with military ſcience. He was again ordered to Flanders after the defeat of the French at Malplaquet, where he did nothing very remarkable; his eſtate of Warty was, however, created a duchy, for him and his heirs-male of the ſecond marriage (his ſon by the firſt being Duke of Liria in Spain), and the name of Warty was changed into that of Fitz-James.

In 1710, after having begun the campaign in Flanders, under the Marſhal de Villars, he was ordered to his poſt in Dauphiny, where he diſconcerted ſome plans of the allies, and made ſecret propoſals of peace to the Court of Turin; in which, though they proved unſucceſsful, he diſcovered the prudence and talents of an able negociator. His operations in Piedmont, during the two following years, exhibit nothing remarkable.

The peace of Utrecht, in 1713, brought the Duke back with his troops; but he did not enjoy from it the leiſure and tranquillity he expected. He was ſent into Spain to perſuade Philip to ſign the treaty with the United Provinces; which that monarch had refuſed to do, before a principality in the Low Countries was ſettled on the Princeſs d'Urſins. He was afterwards intruſted with the ſiege of Barcelona, in 1714, at which he gave ſignal proofs of his genius and abilities; as the place was admirably defended by the intrepidity of the governor, the zeal of the poor Catalans, and the enthuſiaſtic efforts made by ſome Spaniſh noblemen, who were averſe to a French government. Ten thouſand of his troops fell in this ſiege, and ſix thouſand of the beſieged met the ſame fate. The Marſhal prudently draws a veil over all the conſequences of this ſiege; and it is pretty remarkable, in the courſe of theſe memoirs, that many objects are thrown into a ſhade in this political tablature. This will excite ſome ſuſpicions, or at leaſt miſgivings, with reſpect to the Editor, until we are better acquainted with him.

The King of Spain, after the taking of Barcelona, had a very ſtrong deſire of retaining the Duke of Berwick in his ſervice. He even offered to make him commander in chief of the armies of Spain; but the Duke did not reliſh this propoſal; and he preferred returning into France, which was become *his* country, by the honours and advantages he enjoyed in it. He accordingly returned to Paris, and reſumed the direction of the affairs of the Pretender, which had been the object of his peculiar attention from the year 1708. There is nothing abſolutely new in his account of the attempts, that were made in England and France, to place the Pretender on the Britiſh throne. He gives an ample account of the ſecret negotiations of the Abbot Gautier, who, from a ſtate of indigence and obſcurity,

became the firſt, and one of the principal movers of the ſprings that brought about the peace of Utrecht; and who was employed by Lord Oxford to treat with Berwick concerning the intereſts of the Pretender. The propoſal of Oxford was, that the crown ſhould devolve, after the death of Queen Anne, to her brother, on condition of his engaging to maintain the eſtabliſhed religion, and the liberties of the kingdom. But our noble author obſerves, that Oxford was not ſincere in this propoſal; and that he only amuſed him and the abbot, until he had obtained his end, which was the concluſion of a general peace. This, indeed, ſeems to have been the caſe. It has alſo been ſaid, that Bolingbroke acted a double part with the Jacobites and the Pretender: and it is certain that the latter was not ſatisfied with his conduct, ſince, as we learn in theſe memoirs, he turned him out of his poſt of ſecretary of ſtate, in the moſt diſagreeable manner, *de la maniere la plus offenſante;* this is the expreſſion of the Duke of Berwick, who defends Bolingbroke warmly; maintains that he was all zeal and fidelity to King James (the Pretender); and aſſerts that the latter was guilty of an enormous fault, in removing from his councils the only Engliſhman that was capable of conducting his affairs. The pretext for his diſgrace was, his having neglected to ſend into Scotland the ſuccours in arms, money, and troops, that he was ordered to ſolicit; and to this neglect the Pretender attributed the bad ſucceſs of the rebellion of 1715. But the Duke of Berwick inſinuates, that James was not unwilling to place to the account of Bolingbroke the unfortunate iſſue of that expedition, which had been imputed to his own miſconduct. He obſerves, moreover, that the diſgrace of Bolingbroke (if a fall *from the ground* can be ſo termed) was partly owing to the jealous eye with which the Duke of Ormond (of whom our author ſpeaks frequently with contempt) beheld the ſuperior talents and genius of that great man, partly to a number of ſubaltern politicians, who endeavoured to render him odious, that Ormond (under whom they expected to enjoy more credit) might be placed at the helm; and alſo to the Earl of Mar, who deſired to be prime miniſter, and to govern without a rival. The noble Author alſo informs us, that the Pretender made Bolingbroke return all his letters. Mar likewiſe deſiring to take copies of the letters *he* had written to that Peer, obtained the originals, on this pretext, and never returned them.

After the death of Lewis XIV. the Duke of Orleans began his regency by the eſtabliſhment of ſeveral councils. On this occaſion he offered the Duke of Berwick a place in the council of war; but as the firſt place had been given to the Marſhal de Villars, and the reſt of the members were only lieutenant-generals, the Duke rejected the Regent's offer. This is the only inſtance of the Duke's punctilioufneſs that we ſhall mention; but there are many more to be found in theſe memoirs, which are leſs excuſeable.

It appears, notwithſtanding the inſinuations of the Abbe Millot, that the Regent had a very high eſteem for the Duke of Berwick. It is true, the gravity of this nobleman, which bordered upon auſterity, and ſtrict regularity of his morals, were not in uniſon with the propenſities and amuſements of the Duke of Orleans; but this did not prevent an intimate connection between them, ſecured by bonds more ſolid than convivial pleaſures. The Regent appointed him to the government of Guienne; and it is here that the Marſhal concludes his memoirs.

The anonymous Editor of this work has carried on the memoirs to the death of the Duke of Berwick. Hitherto the Duke was no farther advanced in age than his 44th year, and had nevertheleſs made twenty-ſix campaigns. After this he diſplayed his capacity, for ſome time, in a different line of conduct, when the romantic ambition of Cardinal Alberoni threatened new commotions in Europe. The plans of this hot-headed prieſt were diſconcerted one after another; and Philip V. perceiving the precipice, to the brink of which his miniſter had brought him, diſmiſſed him from his councils, and peace was reſtored; to which the Duke of Berwick, no doubt, contributed a good deal. He was afterwards admitted to the council of regency, which place he held jointly with the adminiſtration of the government of Guienne, where he was, for a ſecond time, engaged in parliamentary conteſts. In 1723, when the Duke de Bourbon became prime miniſter, the provincial governments were ſuppreſſed, in conſequence of a new plan of political oeconomy; and on this occaſion the Duke of Berwick retired with his family and a few friends, from the

buſtle of the world, and exchanged the public theatre of buſineſs for the mild and peaceful occupations of the rural ſcene. Here he improved and adorned his country-ſeat with true taſte; enjoyed leiſure with dignity, and ſeemed to ſpend his days in contentment and peace.

He was, however, called from this happy ſituation in the year 1733, and placed at the head of an army, which was aſſembled on the banks of the Rhine; for as Lewis XV. could not ſend troops into Poland, to ſupport the election of his father-in-law Staniſlaus, he formed the deſign of attacking the Emperor on the Rhine, and in Italy. The Duke of Berwick was entruſted with the direction of the campaign in Germany; and, in order to open a paſſage into the empire, he inveſted and took Kell. In the campaign following, he undertook the ſiege of Philipſburg; and one day, as he was viſiting the works, he loſt his life by a cannon-ball, probably from one of the French batteries, perhaps from that of the Spaniards; for he had imprudently placed himſelf between the two, which firing at the ſame time, it was impoſſible to know from which ſide the ball came.

The relation, which the *continuator* gives of theſe military operations of the Duke of Berwick in Spain and Germany, is very intereſting, compoſed with the ſpirit and intelligence of an officer, and reſembles ſurpriſingly the ſtile of the Duke himſelf. The portrait he draws of the characters, talents, and virtues of this eminent man, is alſo maſterly; rather, however, too pompous in the expreſſion, and too brilliant in the colouring, but, after all, adapted to excite an high degree of reſpect for the original.

Before we conclude this extract, we cannot omit particular mention of an anecdote we meet with in theſe memoirs, relative to the famous Duke of Marlborough; and we have reſerved this for the end, that it might not make too great a digreſſion in the rapid and compendious analyſis we have given of theſe memoirs. —The anecdote is as follows:

"While I was at Saulſoy (ſays the Duke), I received ſecretly a letter from the Duke of Marlborough (in the year 1708), who took notice, that the preſent juncture was every way proper for ſetting on foot negociations for a peace;—that the propoſal ought to be made to the deputies of the States-general and Prince Eugene;—that they would certainly communicate it to him (Marlborough), and that he would uſe his utmoſt endeavours to render it acceptable.—Nothing (continues Berwick) could be more advantageous to us than this counſel of the Duke of Marlborough; it opened to us an honourable door to get out of a burdenſome war. I mentioned the thing to the Duke of Burgundy and to Chamillard, who immediately ſent a courier to the King, to receive his orders with reſpect to the anſwer that was to be given to this overture. The King ſent his orders to Chamillard, who, by an exceſſive refinement in political induction, took it into his head that the propoſal of the Duke of Marlborough proceeded from the bad ſituation of the allied army. I muſt own this reaſoning paſſed my comprehenſion; for the manner in which Marlborough wrote convinced me that fear was in no degree the motive that induced him to make this propoſal. There was not the leaſt appearance of bad faith in his proceeding; —but he was ſo offended at Chamillard's anſwer, that the affair was dropped: *and I am even perſuaded*, that this *was the principal cauſe of the averſion which the Duke of Marlborough diſcovered, ever after, to every propoſal for peace.*" M.

THREE LETTERS *from* SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE, *Bart. one of the Barons of Exchequer in* Scotland, *to the Right Honourable* Lord Viſcount Barrington, *late Secretary at War, on his Lordſhip's* official conduct. 8*vo.* 2*s.* Coghlan, London.

THESE Letters, we are told in the Preface, are publiſhed without the Author's permiſſion, by a perſon connected with the writer, into whoſe hands copies of them had come. The ſubject is ſomewhat, indeed, of a private nature, and ſeems, in ſome meaſure, a memorial on the injuries done to the author's brother, Captain Dalrymple, when raiſing his Iriſh corps. Be this as it may, the letters are written with all the keen ſpirit and forcible expreſſion peculiar to the pen of the learned Baronet.—The noble Lord to whom they are addreſſed experiences a treatment not unſimilar to that which a certain Scottiſh Law Lord received in the *Hiſtory of the Edinburgh Regiment*; and with juſtice, *if*, according to our learned letter-writer, his Lordſhip's *official conduct* has been the *ſole* cauſe of our ill ſucceſs throughout the American war.—His

Lordſhip's method of managing the *army intereſt* (as he pedantically calls it, ſays the writer), ſeems not to have been the moſt eligible for the intereſt of the nation. He was the ſtrenuous oppoſer of all new levies, and adviſed the hiring of German mercenaries as a preferable meaſure.—"You had even the abſurdity to ſay (ſays Sir John) that you could not *in conſcience* vote for General Frazer's regiment."—"Even Engliſh armies you diſabled (he proceeds); for when no recruits could be got but by new corps, the old regiments that were ſent abroad were incomplete, and that happened ever ſince you was ſecretary at war: you know what I ſay to be true; England had armies on paper, but not in the field. If America is loſt, it is *you*, and *you* only who have loſt it."

We ſhall give a few extracts from theſe ſpirited Letters, by which our Readers will be the better enabled to judge of the character and capacity of the late Secretary.

"It may appear very extraordinary, that a man of ſo ordinary a capacity as you are, ſhould be able to do ſo much miſchief. But in all human affairs, there are accidental cauſes, and theſe often produce the moſt fatal and unerring effects. Your Lordſhip's fortune in life is a proof of this truth. You have been long in the poſſeſſion of power, only becauſe men of better parts accounted it no ſuperiority in hands ſuch as your's, and could not adjuſt among themſelves who ſhould be allowed to take it from you. As long as there was a commander in chief of the army, you kept within the bounds of your office, which is that of chief clerk to the commander. When the ſtation of commander in chief was ſuſpended, you ran riot. Your Lordſhip has been in uſe to boaſt, or, which is the very ſame thing, you have allowed your friends and dependants to boaſt, and to ſpread it every where, that, for above a dozen years paſt, you alone have been commander in chief, and could make or ruin the fortunes of ſoldiers as you pleaſed. You was in poſſeſſion of an influence acquired at your Sovereign's expence; for, as long as there was a commander in chief, all refuſals were underſtood to be given by him, but all graces to flow from the crown. But, when you held yourſelf up as the repreſentative of that officer, as you had too much duplicity to give an honeſt refuſal to any one, you attempted to throw the impopularity of every officer's diſappointment upon your Sovereign, and yet aſſumed the merit of every favour, by imputing it to your own recommendation."

The ſubſequent narrative is curious and intereſting, and may, with propriety, be entitled, *The Hiſtory of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Oppoſition to Dalrymple's Iriſh Corps.*

"AUTHORISED by many conſiderable perſons in Ireland, I preſented a memorial to the King's ſervants, in which it was propoſed to raiſe a new corps in Ireland, of which the officers were all to be Proteſtants, and the private men all to be Iriſh. With a generoſity unparalleled in the hiſtory of this country, ſince ſtanding armies were known in it, the officers of the projected corps offered, in the heat of a war, to go acroſs the Atlantic to America; and yet, in order to prevent inſinuations of intereſted views, even from ſuch a man as you, they gave me leave in their memorial to declare, that they deſired no half pay, and no rank in the army after the war ſhould be over.—If ever a body of men deſerved to be the favourite corps of a generous, or juſt, or wiſe Secretary at War, it was one offered on ſuch terms. The ſequel will ſhew how your Lordſhip favoured it.

"They propoſed for their commandant my brother William, not their countryman, but, what they valued more, their friend. He was at that time eldeſt captain in the twentieth regiment, able to purchaſe; and I was, in a very ſhort time after, poſſeſſed of a letter from Major Ackland of that regiment, obliging himſelf to ſell him his majority at the regulation-price, that is, at ſeveral hundred pounds below the market-price, as ſoon as he himſelf could get leave to purchaſe higher in the army. But this ſituation, ſo advantageous for a young officer, my brother relinquiſhed; and from that reſpect which the younger branches of families in Scotland pay to the heads of of them, and for which it is held one of the moſt ſacred duties of life for the head to give protection to them in return, he entered into all my views. He did more; for, in order to prevent that jargon eternally in your Lordſhip's mouth, about the intereſt of the army, and the merit of long ſervice above ſpirited ſervice,—he aſked no higher rank in the army than he then had, but only to preſerve his rank, and to be

entitled to future rank, according as his ſervices ſhould deſerve it. Your Lordſhip heard Lord North give him due commendations for this in the Houſe of Commons.

"There engaged with him in this tender of ſervice, the eldeſt ſon of one Peer, the younger ſon of another, and an Earl of a great land eſtate afterwards offered himſelf to Lord George Germaine for a company. Moſt of the other Iriſh officers were men of fortune: Several of them were officers in the army, or on half pay. The names of two officers I muſt remind your Lordſhip of, on account of your ſubſequent conduct to them, Captain Monk, and my brother Samuel. Mr Monk was then an officer in the twentieth regiment, eldeſt ſon to a gentleman of four thouſand pounds a-year of land rent, nephew to Lord Tyronne of the privy-council, and a very fine young man. I prevailed on my brother Samuel to take a commiſſion in the corps, in order to ſhew the Iriſh nobility and gentry with what confidence I embarked my family in the ſame bottom with theirs; though, ſurely, it was not a difficult thing for me to have procured a commiſſion for him in another regiment.

"Your Lordſhip oppoſed the offer of this corps, till you could do it with decency no longer: And, when you ceaſed to oppoſe it, you threw every delay of office in the way to a concluſion. I remember your Lordſhip at that time ſaid to me, with a little peeviſhneſs, to which I have ſometimes ſeen you a little ſubject, that you conſidered the Colonels of the old corps as *your clients*, and that you would not ſuffer their intereſts to be injured by the interference of new corps: An obſervation which made a deep impreſſion upon my mind at the time, when I reflected that it was an avowal of your ſetting up the intereſts of a few officers of the army againſt the intereſts of the ſtate. Cæſar and Cromwell, I know, did ſo; but they did not uſe to talk of it.

"However, the terms could not fail to be accepted by a Prince who loves his army, but loves his people ſtill more. And, much to your Lordſhip's mortification, Captain Dalrymple raiſed his battalion, with two hundred men over, in twenty-one days.

"Perhaps the crime of his getting his corps againſt your will, and of his raiſing it ſo ſpeedily againſt your wiſhes, might have been pardoned by your Lordſhip; but it was not. The reaſon is obvious; it betrayed a ſecret which you had always concealed, that, whenever this nation was puſhed, ſhe could find reſources within herſelf, if men of popularity were intruſted with the calling of them forth, in bodies of their own raiſing.

"To a Secretary at War who deals ſo much in whiſpers, ſhrugs, and ſneers as your Lordſhip does, it is eaſy to give an order to dependants, without putting it in writing, or even into regular converſation. Lord Cavan, whether from deſign in you, or from the courſe of duty, was the General to inſpect and report upon the ſtate of this corps:—A man who had ſailed round the world with Admiral Anſon in the ſtation of a corporal of marines, and who has not the underſtanding and manners of a corporal to this day. The petulance of your ordinary converſation about the new Iriſh corps, with the exuberant quantity of wit in which you are accuſtomed to indulge your petulance, ſuggeſted to this poor man, that he had the fineſt opportunity in the world to make his court to your Lordſhip and his own fortune, by throwing diſgrace on a corps ſo obnoxious to the Secretary at War. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that, three weeks before Lord Cavan inſpected the men, I told more than one of the King's miniſters, that he was to attempt to ruin my brother and his corps, by rejecting the men. My information proved true; for out of a body of five hundred and thirty private men, he reported, that there ſhould be caſt three hundred of the bloom of the youth of Ireland, that is, of the moſt beautiful nation on the face of the earth. What encouragement he had from your Lordſhip to do ſo, I cannot ſay; but the report was general in Dublin at the time, and denied by none, that, when aſked why he had done it, he anſwered, He knew what he was doing, and was ſure he had pleaſed Lord Barrington. To make the blow irreparable if he could, he refuſed to point out the three hundred men whom he had objected to, by which he made it impoſſible for the officers to ſubſtitute new men in their places, without changing the whole corps. He added inſult to injuſtice; for it proved afterwards before a court-martial, that, in the front of the battalion, and in the hearing of all the officers and men, he loaded it with terms of ſcurrility, which even the meaneſt of a Dublin populace would have been

aſhamed to make uſe of. Your Lordſhip had ſoon after the ſatisfaction to know, that ſuch of the intended officers as were of noble birth, quitted a corps, which they deemed contaminated by ſo foul a diſgrace. But you had a much greater ſatisfaction, when you read in Lord Cavan's report, that the commandant had loſt his temper on the field, and, in the heat of his complaints, had uſed improper expreſſions to his Lordſhip.

"All Ireland cried out againſt the injuſtice of Lord Cavan; ſtrangers to my brother generouſly took his part. Unaſked and unknown to him, Colonel Burgoyne, General Johnſton, with many others, wrote to Lord North, Lord George Germaine, General Cunningham, and Colonel Smith, againſt ſo flagrant an action. I was not ſo inattentive to a brother's intereſt and honour, as not to inform your Lordſhip of theſe letters. I offered to tranſport the whole battalion, as Lord Weymouth knows, to London, at my own expence, that the commandant might be puniſhed if he had taken improper men, or the General puniſhed if he had caſt proper ones. I cauſed twenty of the men to be brought over to London, and took care, that perſons of rank and known honour in Dublin ſhould be able to atteſt, that they had ſeen them picked from amongſt the worſt of the battalion. Theſe twenty were ſhewn to perſons whoſe word you never doubted in any thing elſe. They were ſeen by yourſelf; for they were ſtationed, and drawn up, day after day, at the Horſe-guards; though I was told, that, like the Devil in Milton, you looked at them aſkance as you paſſed. When the battalion was afterwards inſpected by the commander in chief General Irvine, he, who is as juſt as generous, paid their commandant this compliment in the field, That he had never ſeen ſo fine a body of men raiſed in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time.

"In ſhort, your Lordſhip knew well—while you read what I write, your conſcience tells you you knew well, that the ſpoiling to three hundred of the bloom of the youth of Ireland, was an action which could not ſtand the teſt, and that Lord Cavan had, in his report, attempted to deceive his Sovereign to pleaſe you.

"However, as Captain Dalrymple's loſing his temper to his reviewing general on the field, was a military offence which himſelf did not juſtify, he was brought juſtly to a Court-martial for it. The court reprimanded him for his offence, but did not oblige him to make the apology uſual on ſuch occaſions to Lord Cavan; a ſentence which, while it ſhewed the regard of the officers who pronounced it to the laws of war and ſubordination, ſhewed what they thought of your client's behaviour.

"In this diſtreſs, you took every advantage of the man whom all others pitied. Under the pretence that the battalion was incompiete, becauſe Lord Cavan had caſt theſe three hundred men, you ſtopped the pay of the whole corps. Were I to make this letter public, which I once thought of doing, the public would perhaps have ſome indulgence for the writer of it, when they heard, that one of the King of England's regiments, officers and all, were, during ſix months, maintained by two of his ſubjects; one of whom, their commandant, has little fortune, but his ſword, his honour, the blood of half the nobility of Scotland in his veins, and the affections of his family; and that, if theſe two perſons had not done ſo, above ſeven hundred men, without pay or food, muſt have been thrown looſe upon the city of Dublin. The rebellion in America took its ſtart from a more trivial event. The indulgence of the little ſpleen of a very little man, might have thrown all Ireland into a flame. I have a right to remind your Lordſhip of this fact; becauſe, except to one man, I never told it before.

"Under the ſame pretence of your belief in the truth of Lord Cavan's report, which you knew to be falſe, you refuſed, for above four months, to ſend arms to the battalion, though its commandant repeatedly preſſed you, by letters, for arms to diſcipline the men. This you call punctilio to the forms of office. Woe to that country in which the neceſſities of ſtate are in ſuch hands as your's, obliged continually to yield to the punctilios of office! In this light the commandant was a great offender againſt punctilio indeed; for, when you refuſed to ſend him muſkets, he bought two hundred old ones at his own expence; with theſe, in a few weeks, he brought his men to handle their arms with as much eaſe as if they had been drum-ſticks, and to manœuvre as if they had been veteran troops. General Johnſton and General Irvine pardoned this diſregard of punctilio; for, when they reviewed his men, at different times

from each other, both of them paid him, in public, the compliment of ſaying, That they had never ſeen men ſo diſciplined in ſo ſhort a time.

"Your Lordſhip gained another point by refuſing arms to the battalion. In all regiments, the private men will ſhew ſigns of reluctance when ordered to quit their own country, and to embark for ſcenes of war at three thouſand miles diſtance from it. When theſe appear, the common way of enforcing obedience, is to appoint a guard of forty or fifty charged muſkets in the hands of picked men. But, poſſeſſed of no muſkets which could have hurt any, except thoſe that fired them, Captain Dalrymple was obliged, when he put his men on board, to conduct them under a guard borrowed from another regiment: And this gave an opportunity to your Lordſhip to deſcant upon the bad affections of the ſoldiers, and the brutality of their officers.

"In the ſame manner, and under the ſame pretence, your Lordſhip, for four months after Lord Cavan's report, refuſed cloathing to the men.

"This laſt circumſtance brings to my remembrance an inſtance of the extreme littleneſs of your mind. In a country where moſt of the common people are ill cloathed, moſt of the recruits were half naked. When your Lordſhip would allow no cloathing to be ſent to them, their commandant bought ſeven hundred frocks and breeches, with ſhoes and ſtockings, out of his own pocket: And, as the favourite colour of the Iriſh is green, he choſe the dreſs of that colour; and, from thence, uſed to give his men the kindly appellation of his *Green Boys*, to contraſt them againſt the character of the people called in Ireland *White Boys*. The innocent pleaſantry of the colour and appellation pleaſed the men; the humanity of the action attached them. Yet this trifle you treated with as much importance as if it had been a matter of high treaſon. With fury in your eyes, you told me at that time, that my brother had preſumed to cloath his men in an uniform of his own chuſing, without his Majeſty's leave, and that you would complain to the King of his preſumption. With much trouble I appeaſed your Lordſhip, and ſaved you from the ridicule of going to complain to your Sovereign, that one of his officers had had the impudence to prevent his men from dying of cold when the Secretary at War would have had them go ſtark naked through the ſtreets, before all the matrons and virgins of Dublin.

I remember another ſuch circumſtance of that time. One of the enſigns, who was in a hurry to raiſe his quota of recruits before his neighbours, was fooliſh enough to ſcatter a hand-bill through a remote county of Ireland, that his Majeſty invited all Roman Catholics to reſort to the ſtandard of the Green Boys. I ſhall never forget the triumph with which your Lordſhip informed me of this fact, nor the mortification you betrayed, when I told you, that my brother had already puniſhed that officer more ſeverely than a recruiting trick ſeemed to deſerve, by ſtriking his name from the liſt of his officers. You replied, with a ſullen air, that you expected, *however*, to hear more *of ſuch things from ſuch men*.

"When the corps were at laſt paſſed, your Lordſhip, by your letter to its commandant, ordered him to diſmiſs his ſupernumerary men, inſtead of turning them over, as is uſual, to other regiments. Had they been turned over, he would have been entitled to bounty-money for them. But to take near a thouſand pounds out of a young officer's pocket, who had never injured you, you ſcrupled not to loſe near two hundred men to the King's ſervice; and this at a time when you was ſearching all the jails in Britain to compel felons to be heroes; and when you was ſo imprudent as to have Sir John Fielding waiting week after week, publicly at your levee, as if you meant to ſhew foreigners and Engliſhmen alike the diſtreſs of the War-office for men in time of war. I aſk your Lordſhip a queſtion: Did that order to my brother, to caſt more men in a day than Sir John Fielding could find in a year, ariſe from *public motives*, or from *private ſpleen?*

"Amidſt the painful reflections which that period brings to my mind, the pleaſure which I feel in doing juſtice to Iriſh honour, is luxury. From the day of Lord Cavan's review, till the iſſue of Captain's Dalrymple's trial, not a man ever deſerted from him in Ireland. Amidſt their poverty, they had that generoſity, which, amid your affluence, you have not; they ſaid, that he was a ſtranger, and ſuffering for them, and that it would be baſe to forſake him. The fidelity of highlanders to their chiefs is not ſuperior

to this; yet you felt no pain for the miſchiefs which you had created.

"But Captain Dalrymple had afterwards a ſtill more pleaſing proof of the affections of his corps. As the Iriſh common people quit their country with more reluctance than other men do theirs, there is no inſtance, ſince the days of Oliver Cromwell, of a regiment ſailing from Ireland complete in its numbers. Captain Dalrymple, for the honour of a battalion, which had done ſo much honour to him, had the vanity to wiſh it in the power of people to ſay, that the battalion had left Ireland without wanting a man. After it was on board, a few men were found to be amiſſing. He returned to ſeek for them, and found them. In the mean time the tranſports had ſailed, and were out of ſight. It was then the ſtormy ſeaſon of the year; he perſuaded four ſeamen, by a high reward, to follow the tranſports with him in an open boat, in a roaring ocean, through the Iriſh channel. He ſaid, that the ſhouts, and embraces, and tears of his people, while they helped him into the ſhip from his boat, half dead with fatigue and cold, made that day the happieſt day of his life. But why do I tell this ſtory to you? Theſe are joys, and that is a muſic which you are incapable of feeling. If you was, you would never have given occaſion for my writing this letter.

"Captain Dalrymple is now on his voyage to Jamaica, and I cannot be preciſe as to dates, which I cannot get from him; but if my memory does not fail me, at leaſt three of the months, in which you would take no one ſtep of office for the pay, arms, and cloathing of the corps, were after General Johnſton had made a formal review and report of the perfect condition of the corps: But this I think I am ſure of, that, by your delays in office, whether wilful, or from neglect, is not material, the corps was not finally reviewed till five months after it had been completed, counting its completion even ſo late as the time of Lord Cavan's review. By this delay, and others which you originally created, before beating orders were iſſued, it did not fail till the beginning of the winter of 1756, when, had you done your duty, and ſuſpended your paltry paſſions, it might have failed in the end of the preceding winter.

"In this you hurt your country, as you too often do, when you are unjuſt to individuals." [*To be continued.*]

The FATHERS; *or, The Good natured Man. A Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in* Drury-lane. *By the late* Henry Fielding, *Eſq; Author of* Tom Jones, *&c.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Cadell, London.

TO this Comedy is prefixed the following advertiſement:

"The Comedy now publiſhed was written by the late Henry Fielding ſome years before his death. The author had ſhown it to his friend Mr Garrick; and entertaining a high eſteem for the taſte and critical diſcernment of Sir Charles Williams, he afterwards delivered the manuſcript to Sir Charles for his opinion. At that time appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Ruſſia, Sir Charles had not leiſure to examine the play before he left England. Whether it has had the honour to travel with the Envoy into Ruſſia, or was left behind, that it might not interfere with the intrigues of the embaſſy, we cannot determine. Sir Charles died in Ruſſia, and the manuſcript was loſt.

"As Mr Fielding had often mentioned this affair, many enquiries were made, after his deceaſe, of ſeveral branches of Sir Charles's family, but did not produce any tidings of the Comedy.

"About two years ago Thomas Johnes, Eſq; member for Cardigan, received from a young friend, as a preſent, a *tatter'd manuſcript play*, bearing, indeed, ſome tokens of *antiquity*, elſe the preſent had been of little worth, ſince the young gentleman aſſured Mr Johnes, that it was "a damn'd thing!"—Notwithſtanding this unpromiſing character, Mr Johnes took the dramatic foundling to his protection with much kindneſs; read it; determined to obtain Mr Garrick's opinion of it; and for that purpoſe ſent it to Mr Wallis, of Norfolk-ſtreet, who waited upon Mr Garrick with the manuſcript, and aſked him, if he knew whether the late Sir Charles Williams had ever written a play?—Mr Garrick caſt his eye upon it—"The loſt ſheep is found!—This is Harry Fielding's Comedy!" cry'd Mr Garrick, in a *manner* that evinced the moſt friendly regard for the memory of the author.

"This recognition of the play was no ſooner communicated to Mr Johnes, than he, with the moſt amiable politeneſs, reſtored his foundling to the family of Mr Fielding.

"Two gentlemen, of the moſt diſtinguiſhed dramatic talents of the age, have

ſhewn the kindeſt attention to the fragment thus recovered. "To the very liberal and friendly aſſiſtance of Mr Sheridan, and to the Prologue and Epilogue, written by Mr Garrick, is to be attributed much of that applauſe with which the public have received the Fathers, or The Good-natured Man *."

It is difficult to diſcover what is meant by "the very liberal and friendly aſſiſtance of Mr Sheridan." If it is intended to imply the heightening touches of that writer's elegant pen, we will venture to ſay, that ſuch aſſiſtance has not been very liberal: and, indeed, in ſtrict juſtice to the deceaſed author, and to the public, the *added* and *altered* paſſages, if there be any ſuch, ſhould have been fairly pointed out to the reader, that he might form a judgment on the original manuſcript, and decide whether it had received the laſt hand of the author, or was only ſubmitted to his friend Sir Charles Williams, as the rough outline of a comedy. Cibber paid this due reſpect to the remains of Sir John Vanbrugh, and contributed by his fidelity, as well as induſtry, to eſtabliſh the theatrical reputation of the departed writer. Such *very liberal and friendly aſſiſtance* ſeems to have been unfortunately with-held on the preſent occaſion. The looſe indigeſted ſcenes of The Fathers, may be rather ſaid to contain ſome crude materials towards the erection of a comedy, than the regular fabric. The very dialogue, notwithſtanding many maſterly ſtrokes, is unfiniſhed, the characters are ſcarce more than ſketches, and the fable is moſt groſsly defective. The original idea of the Good-natured Man and his brother, were palpably ſuggeſted by the Micio and Demea of Terence; and, indeed, ſome part of the ſcenes between Boncoeur and Sir George is no more than a free tranſlation from that author. Young Boncoeur is at once a faint and coarſe copy of the Latin writer's Æſchinus, and the junior part of the family of Valence are deteſtably original. Valence himſelf is an excellent drawing, very much in the beſt manner of the admirable Fielding; for the ſake of whoſe memory, and the benefit of his ſurviving family, we moſt heartily wiſh that this "Dramatic Foundling" had been reared with more care, and nurſed with more tenderneſs.

M.

* *This Comedy was performed on Saturday laſt, for the firſt time, at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal. It met with but indifferent ſucceſs, and we are afraid will not be a great favourite of the public here.*

Candid and impartial NARRATIVE *of the Tranſactions of the Fleet under the Command of Lord* Howe, *from the arrival of the* Toulon *Squadron on the Coaſt of* America, *to the Time of his Lordſhip's departure for England. With Obſervations by an Officer ſerving in the Fleet.* 8vo. 1 s. Almon, London.

FROM the circumſtances detailed in this narrative, we are led to conclude, that the pamphlet is really the production of a perſon actually preſent in the ſervice which he deſcribes.

The author highly extols the conduct—the ſkill, the bravery, of Lord Howe; but he violently exclaims againſt the "ignorance," the "daſtardly councils, or treacherous deſigns," of our miniſtry; and he, particularly, makes very free with the name of Lord Sandwich.—He may have ſpoken the honeſt truth, in the warm praiſes which he has beſtowed on his favourite hero; and we are inclined to believe that he has done ſo; but we cannot commend the ſplenetic, the virulent, and, we may add, the outrageous manner in which this "*candid* and *impartial*" narrator inveighs againſt the ſteerſmen placed at the helm of the Britiſh ſtate. He produces, however, ſome facts in ſupport of his inveſtigations; and we muſt do him the juſtice to acknowledge, that he can argue as well as rail.

M.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

The MODEST PROPOSAL, we confeſs, is a *neceſſary* one, and we ſhall take the earlieſt opportunity to ſubmit it to our City Rulers.

The Account of an Ancient Cuſtom in the Iſle of Man, when we can ſpare room.—But we cannot diſcover the connection betwixt the concluding Addreſs and the foregoing Narrative.

The Addreſſes to the Proteſtants and the Preſbyteries might be agreeable to *a few*, but we are perſuaded the majority of our Readers are heart-ſick of both the *Popiſh Bill* and the *Proteſtant Intereſt*.—We, therefore, beg leave to intimate to our *zealous* correſpondents, that we can admit no more argumentation on the ſubject, except in reply to a few Queries in page 205 of this Number, and which reply muſt be confined within very narrow limits.

A. A. ſhews great willingneſs to celebrate the late Rotcius; but we muſt give him to underſtand, that *Poetical Compoſition* is not ſo eaſy a matter as he imagines.